Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.] EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1849. VOL. 5.—NO. 45.

LIFE.

BY REV. J. G FORMAN.

Life is like the gushing stream,
Flowing from the wooded mountains,
Sparkling in the noon-tide beams,
Bubbling up from crystal fountains.

Life is onward in its flow,
Like the calm, majestic river,
Gathering st rength while here below,
From its motions ceasing never.

As the stream flows to the river,
As the river to the sea,
Life is flowing on forever,
Reaching to Eternity.

Life is full of care and trial,
While it dwells upon the earth,
And a holy self-denial
Fits it for a heavenly birth.

Heavenward tend its solemn marches,
Rising ever, drawing nigh,
To the bright, o'erhanging arches,
Opening to the upper sky.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INCIDENT OF WATERLOO.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

A few months since, I was standing on the field of Waterloo, on the anniversary day of that great battle. The fields were waveing with the ripening grain, just as they were on that memorable morning before trodden down by the squadrons. As I stood where Wellington stood, on the ridge occupied by the English lines, and surveyed the entire field, and looked down on the narrow valley where the fate of all Europe was once put up and battled for, a world of conflicting emotions struggled for mastery within me. The magnificence and pomp of that stern array were before me, and my ear seemed distinctly to catch the first cannon shot that opened the conflict. Far on the right comes down the Hougoumont, Jerome Bonaparte, with his twelve thousand men. A sheet of fire runs along the walls of the chateau, and a gap opens in the advancing columns of the foe. Its mangled head melts like frost work before the destructive fire. The smoke of the battle covers them from the sight, and rolls up the valley, and lo! I see nothing but the melee of horses and riders, the tossing of banners, and the soaring of the French Eagle amid the cloud of war, and I hear naught but the roar of artillery, the braying of trumpets, and the blast of the bugle sounding the charge, and the heavy shock of cavalry.

Amid the confusion and terror of a scene like this, which the imagination will call up on such a battle-field, how naturally does the mind rest on some single character or incident, and gather around it all the interest of the fight. It may not be so with others, but I find it true of myself in all circumstances I remember, when standing on the top of the colonade of St. Peter's, and looking down at the tens of thousands that were waiting the blessing of the Pope, I forgot all in a poor pilgrim beggar and his boy, that reclined on the ample steps. Their distant home among the Italian hills, their weary aspect as they slumbered there in the sunlight, and their sudden starting up as a blast of a solitary trumpet announced the approach of his 'Holiness,' formed the ground work of a scene more touching than the one before me. So it was here. In the church of the little hamlet of Waterloo, lying on the edge of this field, are a multitude of tablets, placed above officers who fell in this battle. Among them is one recording the death of a mere boy, who formed one of Wellington's suite. The epitaph closes with—"he was eighteen years old; this was his twentieth battle." I gazed on it with feelings of the profoundest melancholy. So young and yet so tried.—Trained amid the smoke and thunder of battle, accustomed almost from infancy to scenes of carnage and cruelty, what a moral effect it must have had upon his character. An angel could not abide such discipline. I walked over the field with an English officer of rank, and gleaned from him the following incidents of his life, which I have filled up.

Young Gordon (my memory may be wrong here respecting the name, it having become illegible in my note book,) was the second son of a distinguished English family. He had obtained a place in Wellington's suite, though a mere boy, and had been with him through all the Peninsular campaign. He was fitted by nature for a soldier. Enthusiastic, bold, and strangely ambitious, the excitement of battle and the occasions it gave for distinguishing himself were his delight. Around his frank and open countenance clustered ringlets of chesnut hair, while his blue Saxon eye spoke at once the generosity and fire of his ardent nature. He had one sister, the very reverse of him in every thing but her strong and generous feelings. Frail as the flower that is born and matured in a single night, her very face reminded one of her early grave. It was of that delicacy and almost spiritual transparency, which makes you shrink as you think of the first shock of life. You look around in vain for some shelter for such a flower. Her eye was large, and the very soul of tenderness, telling without disguise and painfully distinct, that affection was her life. Next in birth to the young soldier, all her extravagant feelings and yearning affections had centered in him. His bold and often reckless conduct had caused her many a pang as they played together in childhood, while his generous love, as he would come and fling his arms around her neck and kiss away her tears, had bound her to him with cords of iron. She loved him with that utter abandonment of heart, with which a being constituted as she was, always loves: and he returned it with all the strength of his brave young heart. *She* was all faith and timidity; *he* was all hope and courage. Thus had they passed their childhood together, and when they came to part, her heart shrank like a smitten blossom to the blow. As he glanced over his rich uniform and his sword flashing by his side, a deeper flush mantled his cheek, and a prouder feeling beamed in his eye, while all over her spiritual features, came the hue of mortal fear and unutterable dread. Her head sunk on her bosom, and the big tear drops fell unrestrained and fast at her feet. At first, he attempted to laugh away her fears, but seeing that his raillery jarred painfully upon her heart, he too burst into tears, and folded her to his bosom with all the holiness and strength of a brother's love.

They parted, and her sweet but rare laugh was still less frequeuntly heard. I will not follow him through his eventful career in Spain. Like all soldiers he learned to like his employment, and with the love of it came the loss of those sensitive feelings that had been the beauty of his early character. Being a bold and energetic fellow, he was often entrusted with dispatches to different parts of the army in the midst of battle. At the battle of Talavara, while Makenzie was retiring in magnificent order and consumate skill before the advancing French, he was sent to that officer with an order from the Marquis of Wellesley. It was midnight, and the route he was to take was one of great exposure, being swept by the enemy's artillery. The frequent flashes of the cannon that blazed on his path, were the only lamps to guide him as he galloped over the uneven field. We will not say his bold young heart did not beat a trifle faster, as the darkness through which he rode was suddenly made dazzling bright by the artillery whose roar caused even his well trained war horse to start, while the earth was ploughed up in every direction by the shot—but we will say he did not falter or hesitate, but delivered his order safely and well. On his return, just as he had entered on the place of danger, a cannon ball struck his horse's flank, shattering it to fragments, and sending the blood and entrails all over his face and uniform. He himself was thrown several yards, and for a moment lay stunned by the blow. When he recovered, however, he boldly crossed the field traversed by the shot, and arrived safely at Wellington's tent. As he stood with cap in hand, pale and covered with blood and flesh, the Duke thought for a moment he was terribly wounded, but as he listened to his account of the matter, he warmly complimented his gallantry.

From that moment he became still more anxious to distinguish himself, and in several instances nearly lost his life. A sword cut over his left eye had left a scar, of which he was as proud as he would have been of two epaulettes. No curl was ever allowed to fall over it, and he was half vexed to think that the skilful surgeon had cured the wound so effectually.

At length, after a year or more of hard fighting, he returned to England, before Wellington joined the allied forces on the continent. It was a hurried visit, but a memorable one to his sister, now grown still more delicate than before. She folded him again and again in her arms and wept as if her heart would break. Many a long night had she lain awake, imagining her brother now in the headlong and ruinous fight, and now pale and wounded, gasping on the plain. The terrible scenes of battle she had so often pictured to herself, had shattered her over delicate frame, and she had become doubly sensitive; while the scenes of blood he had passed through and the roughness of camp life, had blunted his feelings, and made her childish terrors annoying and foolish.—Yet he loved her as his idol, and when he parted from her, he tied her minature around his neck. That separation was the crowning agony to her. She told him they should never meet again, that his body should be left on the battle field of the stranger. It was in vain he attempted to calm her grief—a foreboding like the spirit of prophecy crashed every hope, and she saw him depart with the same feelings she would have seen the grave close over him. I have sometimes thought that these strangely sensitive and spiritual beings, had almost the gift of second sight—that "coming events" to them do litterally "cast their shadows before." From that moment she never smiled, but faded gradually away.

The whole story together with the epitaph, had made a profound impression on my feelings, and as I stood on the field of battle, and called up the scenes of that terrific day, his form constituted the foreground of the picture. The morning of the battle was damp and heavy, but not so the feelings of young Gordon. As he stood beside the Duke and looked over the magnificent array before him, he determined his name should be interwoven with the history of that day. The great battle of Europe was to be fought. All its kings stood looking on with breathless interest, for their thrones were at stake. The feelings of those two great chieftains themselves, as they thus, for the first time, stood face to face, and battled for a continent, were scarcely more stirred than his. From the moment he saw the head of that gallant column, which Jerome Bonaparte led down on a Hougoumont, melt away before the destructive fire within, all the fury of a tiger seemed roused within him. He wanted to be somewhere, he cared not in what capacity, when the onset was made. He was not compelled long to wait. The heavy cannonading that soon opened the whole length of the lines—the terrible charges made by the French cavalry, soon gave him work to do. He was sent hither with orders, while the shot fell around him like hail stones. He looked on his pierced uniform and foam covered steed with a kindling eye. The pressing danger now becoming more imminent on every side, the Duke led on in person several distinct charges. This was the crowning point of young Gordon's wishes. He charged beside the Duke with the impetuosity of a veteran, and whenever danger threatened his beloved commander, spurred headlong into it. In the midst of a terrible carnage, Sir Alexander rode up to the Duke, and expostulated with him on thus exposing his life, when every thing depended on his safety. While he was pleading for the life of another, a bullet pierced him and he fell. Young Gordon immediately spurred into his footsteps, and placed himself so as to protect the Duke from the greatest danger. The weary veteran regarded him with a smile of affection, and then, as he wiped the sweat from his brow, exclaimed, "Oh that Blucher or night would come!"

The next moment an immense body of French cavalry came thundering down on one of the English squares. It had already become weakened by the loss of whole ranks which the French artillery had mowed down, but withstood the desperate shock with true British bravery. The French came down on a plunging trot, then breaking into a gallop, fell like a rock upon it. Like that rock hurled back from the mountain, they recoiled from the shock. Driven to desperation by their repeatedly foiled attempts, they stopped their horses and coolly walked around the brave square, and where a man fell dashed in. Such desperate resolution, and such recklessness of life, began at length to tell on the conflict. The square at length began to shake and waver, when Wellington came dashing up with his guard—the square opened, and he was in its midst. Their chief was in their keeping—his fate voluntarily thrown in their hands, those brave British hearts could not yield. Rank after rank fell but not a man stirred from his footsteps The French at length gave it up and returned to their position. Again, on separate squares, were these terrific charges made, and again, as fast as they wavered, did Wellington fling himself in their midst. Young Gordon was ever at his side, and in one of these dangerous attempts had his sword struck out of his hand. But there were enough other good blades on that ensanguined field, without owners, and he was soon wielding one which the convulsed hand of an officer had scarcely loosened.

Thus, from eleven in the morning until four in the evening, had the battle raged, when a dark object was seen to emerge from a distant wood. Larger and larger it grew, till a whole column stood revealed with banners waving in the breeze. Blucher and his Prussians had come. Both armies saw that the hour had arrived for a final issue. Bonaparte then rode up to his old and well tried Imperial Guard, that had not been in battle all day. Placing himself at their head, he led them half way down the slope, when he halted and addressed them in his impetuous and fiery manner. He told them the fate of the battle and of France was in their hands. He was answered by those devoted hearts—"The Emperor forever!" with a shout that rung over the storm of battle, and was heard all along the British lines. He then placed them under Ney, with orders to force the British centre and prevent the juncture of Blucher with the allied forces. The hitherto invincible Guard came in beautiful order, and with hearts burning with high hopes. They knew that their Emperor and the civilized world were looking on. They carried thrones and kings as they went. They needed nothing to fire their steady courage, No drum or trumpet, or martial strain cheered them on. No bugle sounded the charge. In perfect order and complete silence they moved over the plain. Above them soared the French Eagle no power had ever yet wrested from their grasp, and on them was the eye of Bonaparte.

The allied army saw, with awe and dread, the approach of that unconquerable legion. The terror of Europe was on the march. For a moment the firing ceased along the lines. The battle was hushed. The muffled tread of the magnificent legion alone was heard. Oh, you should have seen young Gordon then. With a flushed cheek and dilating eye, and breath coming difficult and thick, he gazes on that silent host. He looked as if every moment he would be off like a thunderbolt.

This sudden calm was but momentary. The artillery appeared like a volcano on the foe. Whole ranks went down before the destructive fire, yet they faltered not for a moment. Over their fallen comrades with the same steady front, they moved on, across the valley, and up the slope. Before their cool, resistless charge, the English lines melted like frost work. They received the last fire of the artillery full on their bosoms, then walked over the cannon, artillerymen and all. On, on, like a resistless wave they swept, carrying every thing down in their passage, till they approached within a few rods of where Wellington stood. All seemed lost, when a rank of men, who had laid flat on their faces behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly heard the ringing order of "Up, Guards, and at 'em." They started up as from the bowels of the earth, and poured their destructive fire in the very faces of that mangled Guard. They recoiled to the discharge as if smitten with a sudden blow. A second and third followed. They reeled and staggered a moment, then turned and fled. Young Gordon could be restrained no longer. He burst away with a yell like that of a madman, and was lost in the fight.

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The battle was over. The thunder of the distant cannon came at intervals in the night air, telling where Blucher trod down the foe. Wellington had left to him the pursuit, and was leading back his weary and bleeding army over the battle field. The full round moon was riding the quiet heavens, lighting up the mangled masses of human flesh that weighed down the field. Here an epaulett and there a shivered sword flashed back its beams. Groans loaded the air, while the death shriek came at intervals on the air. Wellington wept! The excitement and rage of the battle were over, and his heart sickened at the awful scene before him. Among a heap of slain, young Gordon was stretched. His sword lay shivered at his side, dabbled with blood. The miniature of his sister had fallen from his bosom, and that spiritual face seemed turning up towards heaven. A bullet had ploughed up his cheek and traversing his brain, ended his life at a blow. "He was but eighteen years of age. and this was his twentieth battle." He sleeps in the little church at Waterloo, within sight of his last battle field. * * *

The history of that sister is soon told. In a country churchyard of England is a plain monument recording her death and virtues. I turned away murmuring to myself. 'And these were but two of the twenty thousand hearts that single battle broke.' Oh, War! thou last invention of man for his own destruction!

'I say, my son, where does the right hand road go to.'

'Don't know, sir; tain't been nowhere since we lived here.'

☞Longfellow beautifully says in his 'Kavanagh,'—'It is curious to note the old sea margin of human thought! Each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to live themselves.'

Aphorisms.—Deceit is a double pointed sword, that generally wounds the user.

Hope is the prophet of youth—young eyes will always look forward.

Intelligence from California.

Life and Business at San Francisco—Speculations in Lands—Labor, Wages, &c.

The Boston Evening Traveler, on the authority of Mr. Jarvis, from San Francisco, communicates the following interesting facts, in regard to the state of things in California, which are not furnished by the newspapers:

The number of arrivals of passengers at San Francisco in June, by sea was about 1000 per week. By land, at the mines, from Lower California, Senora, Durango and Mexico generally, the immigration is computed at 15,000, with many thousand mule loads of merchandise, which has thus found its way into California, duty free, to the great dissatisfaction of the sea-board merchants.

Coin was scarce at San Francisco, being absorbed by the custom-house for duties. The average price of gold dust was $15 50 to $16 per ounce. It is computed that on the 20th June $100,000 worth of flour was exposed in open air, and more than $500,000 worth of other merchandise, chiefly dry goods, for want of storage. Storage was from $1 to $3 per barrell per month.

Rents of the smallest lodging rooms were 100 to $350 per month; stores from 500 to $1000 per month. The rents of the Parker house amount to $142,000 per annum—one gambling room letting for $18,000 per annum; two others, small sized, say 12 by 18 feet, for $6,000 each. The city hotel, rented for $16,000 per annum, is underlet for $45,000. A small room in it, about 25 feet square, rents as a retail shop at $9,000 per annum.

Land which a few years since was purchased for $700 will now command $200,000 cash. Central business lots, not exceeding 100 feet square, command from 10,000 to $20,000—buildings in same proportion. Money loaned on good security at from 2½ per cent. to as high as 10 per cent, per month.

The average receipts of the French resturant are $1 per minute. Mr. Jarvis informs us that his first dinner at San Francisco, ordered from a hotel, for two gentlemen, two ladies and four children, consisting only of meats and pastry, cost $90. Eggs $3 per dozen. Boat hire to go to steamer, 30 miles' pull, $7. Ordinary day labor, $6—varying from that to $20—merchants in proportion.

Buildings are springing up very rapidly mostly of the cheaper character. At present, one half of the population live in tents. The population increases slowly, as the departure for the mines about equal the arrivals. The risk to property at San Francisco from fire is very great. The buildings are all of the most frail and combustible description.

Good order in general prevailed both at the bay and mines. Capt. Grayson was robbed on the 5th of June of $15,000, by a Chilian servant, in whom he reposed confidence. He would undoubtedly be hung as soon as apprehended. Another robbery of $6,000 occurred a few days after. As a general thing property is respected, evil doers being kept in check by a fear of lynch law.

Provisions are abundant and comparatively cheap at the mines—say $2 per meal, consisting of game, potatoes, preserved meats, &c. As to gold, it is found everywhere, and is generally considered inexhaustible. A moderate computation gives as this year's product at least $50,000,000. At present the waters are high. September, October and November are considered the best months. More gold, it is said can be gathered in those months than during the other nine months of the year.

Col. Fremont and lady had arrived. and left for a ranche below the Puebla de los Angelos, which he had purchased for $200,000. It is well stocked with cattle, some 10,000 head, and has good buildings on it. He will probably be a candidate for the governorship.

Many shipments from the United States and Europe will prove a total loss, not paying expense of landing. Scow hire per day, taking but one load, is $150; men to discharge, $15. Sailors receive $100 to $200 per month; mates and captains from $300 to $600 per month.

An immense amount of lumber was ready at Oregon for shipment to San Francisco. Every vessel that could be got to sea, even at an expense of $5,000 per month, was sent to the river. By September and October a very large amount, besides framed buildings, will have been landed from Oregon. Mechanics will be in great demand at this season, to erect buildings to shelter the mining population during the winter.

In June, good prints were selling at 6c, and prime brown cottons at 4c: flour 5 to $6; pork $9; beef $2 50 per barrel, at auction; salmon $8; copper nails 8c; shovels $2 per dozen; shirts $6.

Speculation in lands is pushed to a great extent. Every available site for villages or towns on the bay or rivers, has been taken up and laid out.—Lots in Benicia, which in February sold at $100 each are now held at $6,000. This town has been laid out to rival San Francisco. Com. Jones and other prominent officers are said to be interested in it. Stockman, New York, Suttersville and Sacramento city, each promise to be of importance.

The U. S. steamship Massachusetts arrived at San Francisco, June 20, from Oregon.

Ship James Monroe, loaded at Honolulu at $20 per ton freight for San Francisco, took back a portion of her cargo at $10 per ton without landing. Consignments of vessels and cargoes are daily refused.

Clerks at San Francisco get from $2,000 to $4,000 per annum and their board; 10 per cent. is charged on sales of merchandise, and 1 per cent. storage. A private mint has been established, which has issued thus far half eagles. Silver coin, less than dollars, is generally refused. Merchants will not take the trouble to count it. A drayman of one mercantile house receives a salary of $6,000 per annum, and the house finds the dray and mules and feeds the animals. At this rate it is a source of profit to the house, as besides their own carting, the drayman received $1,800 in one month. $1,000 per month has been offered and declined, to command a river launch. Washing 6 to $10 per dozen.

The Meeting in favor of organizing a State Government.—The Herald contains a report of the speeches made at the meeting held in Portsmouth Square, San Francisco, in favor of organizing a state government.

Speech of T. Butler King.—Hon. T. Butler King, after defending congress for not giving a government to California, appealed to the people of that territory to settle the question of the Wilmot proviso forever, by forming a state government.

Said he, we cannot settle it on the other side of the Rocky mountains—it must be settled here. We look to you to settle the question, by becoming a State. The people of the old States ardently desire it. "I speak knowingly when I say the administration desire it; and from extensive intercourse with the members of the last congress, I am convinced they are more anxious for the question to be settled in this way. You will have no difficulty in being admitted as a state. I pledge myself to it, and I pledge the administration, and I think may speak equally confidently for the next congress. Form a state government, send on your senators and representatives, and then admission is certain. You had representation in that body. Immense appropriations have to be made for public purposes here. Millions of dollars will be readily voted by congress for public building and to improve your rivers and harbors. You should have advice in these appropriations, and in selecting sites for their expenditure." He then commented, in a playful mood, for some time, upon Judge Burnett's denunciations of congress for passing the bill extending the revenue laws over this country. He said Uncle Sam had paid twenty millions of dollars for the country. He was informed by the collector, that the revenue amounted to about a hundred thousand dollars a month, just six per cent. upon the purchase money paid out in appropriations was taken into consideration, the government was likely to be a loser so far as dollars and cents were concerned. It was that great bay, which would command the trade of the Pacific, that caused the purchase of the country. If the country had been a barran waste, the government would have paid the same to secure this harbor. He then alluded in elegant terms to the mineral resources of the country, and its future destiny—said we would soon have a railroad completed from the great father of waters to this bay; that within ten years we would go in six days to St. Louis, sleeping all the way, and in eight to New York; and in eight minutes, in less than ten years, we would, through the lightning rods, talk with our brethren on the Atlantic ocean. He closed with a glowing eulogy on the flag of our country, which was hung aloft in the square where the crowd were assembled.

REMEDY FOR CRAMPS.—A correspondent of the New York *Sun* mentions a simple remedy for cramps, which he has tested in many cases with invariable success.—It consists in tieing a handkerchief around the forearm, a little distance above the wrist and then placing a stick underneath and twisting the handkerchief tightly. In a minute the cramp will depart, if the handkerchief hurts let it be slackened, and on a recurrence of the cramp tightened again.